

# :- A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME :-

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

**Their Father's Friends.**  
BY CATHERINE CRANMER.  
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ANYTHING startling in the evening paper, dad?" asked Betty Allen as she perched on the arm of her father's chair and bent her blond head to scan the headlines of the paper he was reading.

"Nothing exactly startling, but here's something that ought to interest us," he pointed to a paragraph, and Betty began to read:

"Theron M. Clay, candidate for Congressional representative from the Seventh district, will be one of the speakers at the political mass meeting at Sanhope Hall tomorrow evening. Mr. Clay has a brilliant record as an attorney and is said to be a gifted orator."

"Whew! That doesn't sound so interesting to me," said Betty. "Besides I'm going to Mrs. Andrews' dinner dance with Jerry Davis tomorrow evening."

"That's very awkward, daughter, for I was talking to Theron Clay today by telephone and I invited him to have dinner with us tomorrow evening. Can't you cancel that engagement?"

"Oh, dad!" protested Betty, with a coaxing little squeeze of her father's gray head, "would you have me miss a perfectly jolly evening to sit primly at home and be bored by listening to an old politician sing his own praises?"

"You have enough jolly evenings to spare one occasionally, it seems to me," said her father, stroking her hair. "And it oughtn't to bore any girl to meet a bachelor of 35 who has good prospects of becoming an distinguished as his illustrious kinsman, Henry Clay."

"Daddy, you shock me! You'll be reminding me first thing I know that this is leap year!"

"No, dearie, your dad is in no hurry to give up the little daughter who has filled her mother's place so admirably, but he does want you to meet some steady, balanced men as well as rollicking scatter brains like Jerry Davis."

"I'll tell you, daddy—I'll entertain your Henry Clay at dinner if you'll let me motor to Hill Creek Lodge with Jerry tomorrow to the tennis tournament. He never drives recklessly when I'm with him. He's to call at 8 to know whether I'll go. There's the phone now!"

Betty skipped to the telephone and, with her hand on the receiver, looked back at her father.

"Shall I tell him yes?" she asked coaxingly, and her father nodded affirmatively.

The tennis tournament ended at 4 o'clock the next afternoon and Betty found so many friends to greet and so many victors to congratulate that before she knew it 5 o'clock had come.

"Jerry me, Jerry!" she exclaimed in dismay. "Here I am playing around when I ought to be home sobering up for the ordeal of being hostess to Henry Clay. Let's go at once or I'll be late for my own dinner party." But even after they started to leave they met still other friends, so that it was five-thirty before they were really started on the twenty-mile run to town.

Jerry's blue car shot smoothly out on the rock roads, and Betty began to feel relieved. As they went silently coasting down a long hill at the base of which was a hairpin curve, Jerry neglected to obey the signboard warning to blow his horn, and when he made the turn he was compelled to veer wildly to the roadside to avoid running into a farmer who sat lazily on a clumsy horse watching three men replace a tire on a large touring car that stood at the left of the road. In the tall grass at the roadside, Jerry's front tire fairly plumed itself on the sagged neck of a large broken bottle and a deafening, long-drawn-out hiss followed.

"Confound it," muttered Jerry, as he

OPERA STAR BRINGS VERY NEWEST PARIS COAT STYLE, BROAD COLLAR AND HIGH CUFFS OF FUR



LINA CAVALLIERI  
Lina Cavallieri, famous opera star, now with the Chicago Opera company, has just arrived from Paris wearing one of the latest Paris creations. It is a satin-lined overcoat with broad collar and high cuffs of black and white skunk and quilted edging of satin. She carried a short bamboo cane.

brought his disabled car to a standstill. "I'm terribly sorry, Betty; but somebody is sure to come along soon who can take you home in time for your dinner engagement."

"But, my dear Jerry, it's almost dinner time now, and I always fix the salad myself—" Betty was plainly dismayed, though still smiling.

"I beg your pardon," said a deep voice at the side of the car, "but our machine is now ready to continue its journey, and we shall be happy to take the lady into town if she will honor us by allowing us to do so."

The speaker, who was a tall, dignified man in dark gray tweeds and a soft black hat, addressed himself to Jerry, but looked at Betty for a reply.

"It's perfectly splendid of you to ask me," she said impulsively, "and I'll go with pleasure."

The next minute she was waving goodbye to a somewhat disconsolate Jerry, and the big car moved away. The man who had invited her to accompany them sat on the rear seat with Betty and a florid, middle-aged man, and a young chauffeur sat in front. Betty unconsciously gave a sigh of relief as she settled herself in the roomy seat.

"I too, run the risk of being late for dinner," said her seat mate, "and of inconveniencing others while embarrassing myself."

"That's too bad," said Betty sympathetically. "The big man's big voice made her feel even smaller than she was. "If it wasn't for daddy, I wouldn't mind. I promised him to be nice to a

friend of his tonight, and I don't want him to think I'm playing off."

"That's funny," said the man, "for I'm inconveniencing myself to please a friend of my father, too."

"Then we're fellow-sufferers in self-sacrifice as well as in suspense, aren't we?" There was just a trace of a comical smile on Betty's pretty face.

"Just at present my sufferings seem remote and trivial." The man let an admiring glance escape his gray eyes.

"Perhaps I shall not even mind having to be gracious to my father's friend when I ought to be resting for a trying ordeal ahead."

Betty felt a delightful sense of companionship sitting there beside this man with the sympathetic voice, and she spoke out half unconsciously.

"My wife has joined a club to study exact English."

"Humph! I wish mine would. Then she wouldn't accuse me of loose conduct because I get tight."

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"I hoped to get home in time to rest for the ordeal ahead of me, but now I'll do well if I get into my flannel gown and get my salad made before Henry Clay arrives."

Just then the chauffeur asked for instructions about reaching Betty's home, and she bent to give them she missed the look of amused surprise on her companion's face, but she turned toward him just in time to see his eyes open wide in sudden understanding as he heard her give the driver the same house number which John Allen had given him the day before when inviting him to dine with them.

"Then you are Mr. Allen's daughter?" asked the man eagerly.

"Yes," said Betty, looking very straight at him. Then her blue eyes slowly rounded with surprise. "You can't be Mr. Clay, can you?"

"I can't be anything else," he said, handing her his card. "And I hope the daughter of my father's friend will forgive me for any rudeness implied in what I said about its being self-sacrifice to accept his invitation."

"I think it is I who should ask to be forgiven for my flippant use of the name of your kinsman, Henry Clay," said Betty, with a blush. "But here we are at home now and dear daddy is on the porch waiting for me. I'll venture he's frantic for fear poor Jerry shattered me into bits with his reckless driving."

John Allen met them at the gate and as they all three went up the broad brick walk to the big Colonial house explanations and apologies were given and received. When they reached the hall, Betty laid a hand gently on her father's arm.

"Daddy, dear," she said sweetly, looking from him to their guest, "you must wait until dinner is served to enjoy Mr. Clay, for he is very tired and we must let him go upstairs and rest for the ordeal ahead of him tonight at the mass meeting."

"Certainly," said John Allen, hospitably. "Just come with me, Mr. Clay."

While Sharon Clay rested he forgot the political campaign and its trying ordeals. He was picturing Betty making salads in his future home. As for Betty, she donned her dinner gown and mixed her salad amid dreams of herself seated in the gallery of the House of Representatives listening to the masterful speech of a masterful man she loved.

## REPORT SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION CHURCHES.

	Av Att	Oct Att	Yr.	Gn
First M. E.	503	487		
Diamond Street M. E.	337	321		
South M. E.	156	135		
Presbyterian	259	239		
First M. P.	155	142		
First Baptist	287	261		
Palatine Baptist	172	155		
Christian	187	170		
Lutheran	90	98		9
Look at this report! Only one school made any gain and that the least one. What is the matter with the Sunday schools of Fairmont? Will someone diagnose the situation.				

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## HEALTH HINTS

Pneumonia will soon take its place among the news of the day.

It is distinctly a cold weather disease. There are a number of predisposing causes of pneumonia, but the greatest of all is influenza or "grip."

The acute, contagious diseases of childhood, more especially measles and whooping cough, frequently prepare the way for pneumonia.

Exhausting diseases of whatever nature, or habits that lower one's bodily resistance, pave the way for invasions of the germs that breed pneumonia.

The heavy drinker or the man who "takes a little every day" are the easiest victims of pneumonia. The alcohol has steadily sapped their vitality. They have not the resistance to withstand the raw, wet weather.

Next to the "booster" the overly fat man's pneumonia is the easiest victim. In his case he has worn away the resisting power of his vital organs by daily overtaxing them with more fuel in the form of food than they could properly burn up.

Debility, either temporary or chronic, developing from any cause, increases susceptibility to the disease. The commonest of these debilitating influences are of course, cold, exposure to penetrating winds and the chilling of the body surfaces as a result of wetting.

Bad housing, mental or physical harassment and overwork are also advance agents of pneumonia. Staying in overcrowded, overheated places or in overcrowded, underventilated street

## Nature Will Cure Auto-Intoxication

All she needs is very little help. Constipation is caused by accumulated waste in the Colon (large intestine), which under our present mode of living, Nature cannot entirely remove without a little help.

The rank poisons in the waste get into the blood circulation, too, and makes us feel depressed, blue, bilious and incompetent—really sick—if allowed to go a little too far causing Auto-Intoxication.

All the help nature asks, however, is Internal Bathing with Warm Water, applied by the "J. B. L. Cascade." This, in a perfectly natural and rational way cleans out all the waste and poisons from the Colon and keeps it as sweet, clean and pure by occasional use as nature demands for a perfectly healthy condition.

So invariably successful has this new and improved method of Internal Bathing proved to be that over 500,000 Americans are now enthusiastically using it to cure Auto-Intoxication, ward off disease, and keep them bright, vigorous and efficient.

The "J. B. L. Cascade" is now being shown in South Side Pharmacy. Call and let us explain how simply it accomplishes these great results.

Also ask for free booklet, "Why Man of Today is Only 50 Per Cent Efficient."

## "WONDERFUL" IS THE WORD USED BY NURSERY MAN

E. H. Stemmons Enthusiastically Endorses Nerv-Worth.

When Mr. Stemmons made the following statement he was in Wheeling, W. Va. It is praise of the most convincing character:

"I have been a sufferer for several years from stomach trouble, dizziness and other ailments, which interfered to a considerable extent with my business as a nursery salesman. I was induced by a friend to try Nerv-Worth and can conscientiously say it has done me a world of good. It's the only medicine I ever took in which I could feel an improvement after the first dose. My dizzy spells are less frequent, my stomach trouble a great deal better and I feel much improved in every way. I am confident that by keeping up the treatment for a short time longer I will entirely have regained my health. To any one suffering as I have done, I take great pleasure in recommending this wonderful medicine, which certainly reaches the spot affected at once."

Your dollar back at Crane's Drug Store, Fairmont, if Nerv-Worth does not benefit YOU.

are all causes that bring on the disease. The first thing to do in the treatment of pneumonia is to see that he gets plenty of cold, fresh moving air. Absolute rest is of importance in the treating of a pneumonia patient. He should be made to stay in bed.

The less he talks and the nearer he comes to "laying like a log" as long as the position is comfortable, the better his chances are for recovery.

**HEALTH QUESTIONS**  
S. L.—"Do sharp pains in the lungs accompanying a heavy cold indicate tuberculosis or pneumonia. Consult a physician. Sleep with open windows and spend as much time outdoors as possible."

**Not to Be Done.**  
"This boy is a bad egg, sir." "Then I suppose it is of no use to try and whip him."

## Osgood's for Quality MORE NEW SUITS!

A SHIPMENT of 35 new models just in, materials are poplin, broadcloth and wool velour. The styles are new belted jackets and seal fur trimmed; linings are white and self colored striped silk; colors are navy blue, brown, plum, burgundy and green.

Priced Exceptionally low at \$25



## More New Millinery

Come in and see what excellent new Hats we have to show you. Every new fad and fancy, and so reasonably priced too.



## Extra Good Coffee

and especially fine tea, always speak well for the quality of the groceries a store sells. They are a good criterion to go by. You will find this true of our store where only grocery products of guaranteed grade and high quality are offered.

**Chicago Dairy Co.**  
309 Madison Street.

Quality Purity Accuracy Safety

The four elements of successful medicines guaranteed by our label on your prescriptions.

## Mountain City Drug Co.

Opposite Court House

## :- CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE :-

"I sometimes think, Margie," said Paula, "that every girl thinks she can act."

"I guess you are right, Paula," I can remember when I thought I was not worth living because my mother suggested that I teach school when I wanted to be a chorus girl."

"At that time I was studying the part of Elga I was perfectly happy," Paula said with a whimsical smile, "for I was passionately in love with Ernest Lawton. Don't look so incredulous, Margie, I know that a woman can fall in love a number of times."

"I have come to believe that love as we know it—the romantic love of novels, dramas and poetry—is one of the most transitory things of life. It rarely lasts over two years and then the heart freed from monopoly is ready for another love which may be even more tyrannically exclusive than the last."

"But while I was studying the part, and for some time afterward I was absolutely oblivious to everybody and everything except my work, my love and my loved. I don't think I ever played a character as well as I did that first one of Elga."

"The part was that of a young girl who falls in love with a man much older than she and who is already tiring a far older sweetheart. He at first struggles to be honest and straight with the older woman who has given her all for him, but at last he succumbs to the innocent blandishments of the girl who in turn sends him back to his first love when she finds out how he has wronged her."

"I had a number of scenes with Lawton in which I could tell him all I felt with perfect propriety, for I had only put the love that was filling my

heart into the speeches I had learned, and the deed was done."

"In one scene Ernest kissed me. I'll never forget what that kiss meant the first time. I grey pale, then red, and I was sure he would feel my heart thumping as he held me in a crushing embrace."

"Under his breath he said, 'Child, this is acting? If it is, you are the greatest actress I have ever known.'"

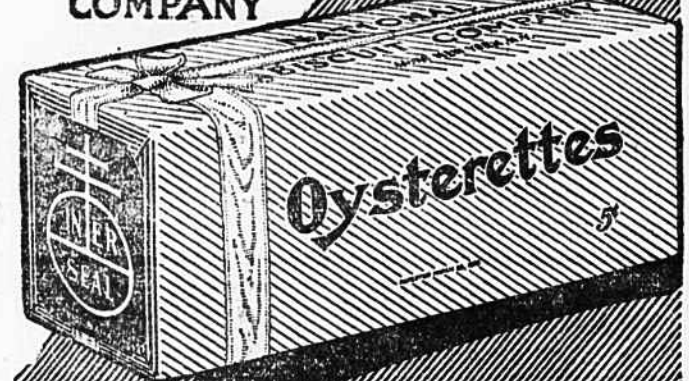
"I did not answer—I could not have spoken if my life depended upon it—but I lifted my eyes to his and heard him murmur, 'Thank God, you are woman first and actress afterward.'"

Where croutons are called for, improve the recipe by using **Oysterettes** 5c

Just the right size and shape. Little, crisp, flaky, round disks of cracker-goodness—made to make all soups better.

Always fresh. At your grocer's.

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**



## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(YOU WOULD HARDLY CALL THIS A FRIENDLY TIP.)—BY ALLMAN.

